

Beach For The Stars

Coasting along and having a lovely time



TIM FOLEY
JAN 19, 2026



I'm by the beach. On the Mediterranean coast. We've missed the snows that have

plagued a lot of France. It was actually quite mild until a couple of days ago. Now rain has arrived, but it's the dramatic kind of rain that needs a breather now and then, so you have to time your walk along the shore to fit inside this moment of calm and there's nothing calm about it, it's breezy and salty and delicious. The dog loves it. I love it. I could live by the sea.

I'm by the beach and I'm thinking of faraway places. I think that's pretty normal when you're staring out to sea, but I'm pushing myself to stare out even further. Space. Not real space, imagined space, I'm working on a play that's set on a starship and it's... not quite coming together yet. But the walks are helping. It's a horribly vague piece of writing advice - '*I'm stuck, what should I do?*' '*Go for a walk*' - because it suggests that the answers you need can simply waft in on a wave and... sadly, yes, they can and they do. If I tried to demistify it properly, it'd be *something something* when brain is relaxed *something something*. But I don't want to demistify it. I just wanna go for a walk.

I'm by the beach and I'm thinking of other faraway places. Not the spatial ones (like space) but the temporal ones; lil sand dunes of future financial stability. Hmm, 'future financial stability', that cunningly makes an *ffs* doesn't it, a phrase which already pops into my head when I think about money. I mean look, it's January. And the joys of freelancing means I need to be thinking about both what's coming up and what I need to make coming up. What projects are locked in? Which might fall through? When am I paid for these projects? *Can I make it all work?* I'm aware of islands of activity, sporadically through the year - and into the next year too. But there's lots of hopping between gigs, as ever. So it's the age old story of fitting more work in the gaps, and figuring out if I can smear the income from all these jobs into a regular kinda wage for myself. I never quite manage to be consistent about this kind of thing . Work, money, even moods - it's all tidal.

I'm by the beach and now I'm not thinking of anywhere else or anywhen else, I'm being present. I'm throwing a stick for the dog. He doesn't quite know how to fetch but he's having a wonderful time. And so am I. I'm by the beach.

Wait, maybe they go down to the planet sooner

Ghostest With The Mostest

As I delightfully squee-ed in my last substack, IT WALKS... is now strutting its stuff all

the way down to London...



It Walks Around The Hou-LONDON! At Nigh-MARCH!

TIM FOLEY • JAN 15

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Tickets for the first couple of previews are already **selling fast**, so if you want to give us a warm welcome on our first week in London, [please get booking!](#)

And prep for [the script book](#) is going well. I've nearly finished the proof-read, the cover is just about signed off... not long to go now! With two plays in there, it's gonna be a bumper volume - longer than the ELECTRIC ROSARY book. And trust me, she was a chunky nun.

Doctor Who? What? Where?



After a BUMPER year of DOCTOR WHO releases from me in 2025 (HOOKLIGHT! VAMPIRE WEEKEND! SNARE! Many others!), you'll be relieved to know there's probably a lot less from me this year. (I say 'probably', I never know what the release schedule is, I know I have some fun stuff in the Big Finish vaults. Most of what was released of mine last year was written either in or just out of lockdown, madness.)

But though the blue box may have landed, and he's trying to kick me out at Aberdeen... my fingers are going white from gripping onto those police box doors. There is a box-set I pitched yonks ago that may finally be given the green light by the end of the year,

so there's potentially another concept album from me in the distant future. (It'd be weird and challenging... but I am weird, and I crave the challenge.) Plus, I thought one of my stories last year was going to be my final jaunt with a certain TARDIS team... and maybe it isn't. Maybe I'll be back at the console causing who-knows-what chaos.

That's all a while away yet though. If there are some of you out there hungry for more of my audio stuff - do check out my recent sci-fi murder mystery for BBC Sounds:



Murder On Mars

TIM FOLEY • OCTOBER 31, 2025

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Booking Good

[My kinda-resolution to give more space to reading](#) is proving to be an utter delight. There have been some authors I've always meant to engage with, and these français days are giving me the time and space to do so. Umberto Eco, China Miéville, hello you beauties. I hope I can keep this time and space propped open when I'm back in the UK and back in a rehearsal room. That's why I need the TARDIS isn't it - I'm sure her controls could prop open a reading rift or something. Season Nine ended with a girl in an armchair at the end of time. That could be me. Stack of books. And of course, the odd beach walk with the dog. If there are beaches in space.

Does the planet have an ocean

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By Tim Foley

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Cameron Ready Jan 20



♥ Liked by Tim Foley

Looking forward to your future stories as always, Tim. Although...if I had to make an educated guess as to what 2026 holds in store from you, considering the tardis team for this year's Fourth Doctor Adventures, I suspect we may finally be hearing a certain prequel to one of my favourite stories of yours. Real ones know. All I'll say is Tom Baker looks good in a deerstalker... 🤔

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